DIARY OF A MINECRAFT BOUNTY HUNTER 10

Mission 4 : Evil Dinnerbone

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Mission 4 – ‘Evil Dinnerbone’
By Minecrafters & Wimpy Boy

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PREVIOUSLY:

“NO TOUCHY!”

Boom, it’s me who does the introductions. Not you.

“Whoops, sorry about that. I got excited.”

Ugh. Just let me handle this.

“Right, got it!”

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Up until this point, we'd had two major battles. The first was with a master of explosives, known only as Dr. Boom. After a long, winding chase and a lengthy battle over the city, I... I mean Charles, managed to defeat him, even though he'd managed to acquire Admin powers.

Soon afterwards, we were made Honorary Admins and sent on our next mission, which pitted us against Team Grieferz, a bunch of age-old pirates who hadn't been seen in years. Despite their immunity to our new Admin powers, we eventually managed to best them, though not before they summoned some ancient creature to give us a bit of trouble: The Kraken.

Despite the world-destroying capabilities of this beast, we managed to overcome it and save the day. It was around this time that Dinnerbone, leader of the Council of Developers, made an attempt to shut our server down. Charles, the Head Admin (AKA Greg) and I all went to speak with him, where we soon encountered Project End.

Project End was a banning tool to be used against evil players, created by Notch no less. Although it was effective, Herobrine eventually corrupted it and Notch was forced to seal Project End away. Now however, he'd managed to escape, and was busy causing damage across the entire server.

At this point, Dinnerbone revealed the existence of an item which could help us: Notch's Apple. An object capable of editing the world itself. We set off on a journey to find it, though we found ourselves facing an old foe. Dr. Boom.

Boom revealed he'd survived the previous battle and wanted to help us out. We reluctantly allowed him to join, and his powers soon became apparent. He was stronger than the Developers themselves, though he wouldn't say why.

We eventually made it to our destination: the heart of the server. There, we encountered strange creatures designed by the Developers themselves, including Guardians: human-like beings which couldn't be destroyed. Apparently they were once tasked with protecting Notch's Temple, supposed home of Notch's Apple, but had since gone rogue.

After a lengthy journey, we finally found ourselves overlooking the temple, with hundreds of guardians blocking our path. Although we managed to fight our way through them, only Boom and I made it inside the temple. Dinnerbone, Greg and Charles looked to be defeated.

Inside, we discovered the apple was gone. That meant fighting Project End without it. It was here however, that I found out Boom's own little secret. Notch's Apple wasn't the only apple around. There was another, Herobrine's Apple, which had given Boom powers beyond that of the Developers.

Sharing the powers with me, Boom and I took the fight to Project End. It was a long and lengthy battle, but in the end, we emerged victorious.

"OH MY GOSH, IT WAS SO AWESOME!"

Boom, if you say one more word, I'll take away all your explosives for a week.

"… I'll be good."

But just when we thought the good times were here at last, we were approached by Dinnerbone, Charles and Greg. Apparently alive. And as annoyed angry happy as I was to see them, it was here the lines between friend and foe began to blur…

Especially after Dinnerbone accused us of releasing Project End in the first place.

PROLOGUE

To Head Admin Greg,

As per your request, I've done some looking into the logs of "Dan Danger" and done plenty of homework on the subject. As much as I hate to admit it, it appears that he is indeed involved with the liberation of Project End.

The records show that he was the one who removed the blocks on Project End's cell, thus allowing him to escape. Whilst these logs can be faked, I have also seen a recording of Dan breaking into the cells to complete this task.

In short, there is no doubt in my mind that Dan is indeed the one who helped to break Project End out. Possibly under the orders of Dr. Boom, though I can't say for certain at this moment in time.

On another note, it also appears that there has been another crime committed by our former friend here. Doing some more research, I've come to the conclusion that Dan is indeed the one who...

[READ MORE]

DAY 1

"Dan Danger and Dr. Boom, the two of you are under arrest for releasing Project End and causing massive damage to the server."

Man, this was turning out to be a really bad day. We'd just finished taking out Project End, and now these guys were going to arrest us?

"Jumping to conclusions a little, aren't we?" Boom noted, "Where's your proof? We just took this thing down."

"Probably when you realized you couldn't control it," Dinnerbone retorted, "but here's your evidence."

A few menus popped up. Server logs. I'd seen them before, used by Greg. Reading through them, I was more than a little shocked when I saw my name pop up.

DAN DANGER - ONE WEEK AGO - BROKE TWO BLOCKS IN AREA: PRISON CELLS - SOLITARY ZONE

"The solitary zone is where we were keeping Project End," Dinnerbone told us, closing the server logs, "we even have video evidence."

Oh, this was going to be rich. What, had they hired some actor to play me? But the laughter I was about to unleash turned to ashes in my mouth, when Dinnerbone displayed a video and began playing it.

In a dark corridor, a figure prowled forward in leather armor. On his back was a sword, a backpack and a trident... Herobrine's Trident to be precise. At one point, his face even turned to look at the camera, showing my glorious beauty off.

"That's me," I muttered, "but how can that be possible? I was never even at the cells!"

"All I know is that I've got all the evidence I need to arrest you," noted Dinnerbone.

"And what about me?" Dr. Boom demanded, "You've got no evidence on me!"

"I'm considering you as an accomplice. That's all I need."

"This whole thing is a sham," Dr. Boom hissed, "and what makes you think you can arrest me anyway? I seem to remember beating all three of you last time we fought."

"Guess again," Dinnerbone shot back, "my sensors tell me your power levels have decreased. Before I came here, I made sure to boost my power from the Developer's Vault. Whatever you've been using to juice up your levels is useless now. I'm on the same level as Project End. I would have destroyed him here, if you two hadn't gotten around to do it first."

"And the fact that we took down End means nothing?" I demanded. "I'll take it into consideration," Dinnerbone nodded, "but for now, we have a more pressing matter to discuss. Will you come quietly, or will I be forced to arrest the pair of you with violence?"

Hmm. A lifetime in the cells for a crime I didn't commit... or freedom. Tough choice.

"This whole thing is disgusting," Dr. Boom spat, "what about you two? Charles? Greg? What's your opinion on this?"

"I don't agree with it, but I have to obey Dinnerbone's orders," Greg replied solemnly, "I'll speak in your defense at the trial, but right now I have to help him take you two in."

"Wonderful," Dr. Boom replied sarcastically, "and you Charles?"

"Me?" Charles looked... a little lost, actually. Confused at what was going on. Like he didn't agree with it. Like he was struggling between making what he thought were the right choices. In a sense, he didn't want to be here.

“Enough of this,” Dinnerbone interrupted him, “are you going to surrender or not? I won’t ask again.”

“We just defeated Project End and saved the server!” I screamed at him, “You’ve been against me ever since I got here! Why in the heck would I ever trust you? You’ve just come up with this evidence out of nowhere, and now you’re going to arrest us? I’ve done more for the people of Minecraftia in these past few months than you’ve done for them in your entire life!”

That had to be a slap in the face for the so-called Head Developer. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. Out of anger of course. But just when I thought I had him, a grin sprang across his face.

“Tell me Dan... if you’re going to deny this crime, will you at least admit to the other one?”

“What other one?” I asked, raising an eyebrow. I hadn’t committed a single crime! What was this?

“How about you tell us where you’ve hidden Notch’s Apple?”

Oh you had to be kidding me...

“Notch’s Apple wasn’t at the time!” I shook my head, “Someone else found it before we did!”

“A likely story,” Dinnerbone sighed, “you don’t lie all that well.”

“Neither do you! You’re just looking for someone to pin the blame on!”

“Is that so? Well then, how do you explain the fact that your powers have increased incredibly since we last spoke?”

Oh crud. Herobrine’s Apple. The exact opposite of Notch’s Apple. Right now, that was my only advantage. Boom’s too. I couldn’t reveal it. But before I could think of a reply, Boom spoke up.

“I supercharged him,” he explained, “used my own powers. He’s half as strong as I used to be. And considering we just defeated Project End, I wouldn’t recommend attacking us.”

“Are you threatening me!?” Dinnerbone demanded, his voice as cold as his food.

“Maybe I am.”

And that’s basically how things kicked off.

Dinnerbone started tossing some kind of energy balls at Boom, ones that glowed bright gold and screamed “you’re in for a world of pain.” Boom merely shrugged and dodged each and every one of them, before retaliating with a giant hammer to Dinnerbone’s noggin.

“Ugh, now I see stars everywhere,” he moaned, “what are you two idiots doing anyway? Help me out here!”

Again, they looked reluctant. Of course they didn’t want to fight us. Mainly because I’m probably the strongest guy in the known Minecraft universe, but also because we were friends. Friends who were supposed to look out for each other.

“I’m sorry Dan, Boom,” Greg sighed, “but I really don’t have a choice here.”

And he blasted with a surge of lightning.

Ow. I’d already gotten enough of that from Project End. I didn’t need a reminder of how painful it was. So, gritting my teeth that this fight really was unavoidable, I charged through the electricity and knocked the Head Admin back with a Mega Punch, tossing him into the sea below.

I then focused on Dinnerbone, who was locked in a sword/hammer battle with Boom. The two of them were giving it their all, but it looked to me that the Head Developer was slowly gaining the upper hand. Still, he’d made the one mistake all my enemies made. Turning his back to me. I charged up a fireball in one hand and a lightning bolt in the other. I was going to end this quickly.

But before I could unleash my attacks, Charles had joined the fray. He surrounded my body in chains, exactly the same move I'd used on End. Huh. Guess Charles was still reluctant to do anything that would cause any damage.

Bad news for him, because I wasn't about to be made a prisoner.

I broke free of the chains with "Chainmelter", a spell of my own design that, you guessed it, melts chains. I then dodged the pitiful energy balls Charles sent my way, before sending him into the ocean to join the Head Admin. Man, Herobrine's Apple sure did give you a power boost.

"I'VE GOT YOU NOW!"

I turned. Boom had lost his hammer, replacing it with a shied to repe Dinnerbone's attacks. But the shield was faltering, breaking and about to shatter into a thousand pieces. It was now or never.

"PHANTOM BLAST!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, as most characters on TV do when they're about to launch an attack, before thrusting my palms into Dinnerbone's side.

I immediately flooded his body with enough dark energy to sink an island. I could only imagine the effect it was having on his poor, weakly Developer body.

"OH GOSH THAT STINGS! THAT REALLY, REALLY STINGS!"

Huh, I expected it to be a little more potent than that. Still, he was stunned, and so were the other two. We wouldn't have a better time to escape.

"Let's go Dan," said Boom, grabbing onto my shoulder, "TELEPORT!" And with that, we were gone. A few minutes ago, saviors of Minecraft. Now, fugitives on the run.

DAY 2

We'd made it out of the central server.

We'd considered going to one of the many dozens of servers that existed with the Minecraft realm, but ultimately we realized we wouldn't have a chance there. Boom barely knew them, and I less so. On top of that, the Admins would have been alerted to keep an eye out for us and arrest us if they spotted us.

That meant the only place we were safe is where the Head Admin was absent and a server which we actually knew. The home server of course.

"You sure this the right place?" I asked Boom for probably the seventh time that day. I just had to be certain. I didn't feel safe anywhere anymore.

"Of course," Boom nodded, "I've got plenty of secret labs hidden around the server. We can rest up and try to figure out a plan to prove our innocence."

Our innocence... Could I really trust Boom? Did he really have nothing to do with this? Or was he hiding something behind his mad scientist goggles? Had he perhaps framed me, as a way of bringing us both together?

... No, I don't think so. At least, I hope not. Although he's not the person I would have chosen, Boom is the only ally I've got left in the world. I haven't been able to reach the other bounty hunters, and I'm pretty sure the Admins wouldn't be too happy to see me, considering I just got their leader's hair pretty darn wet.

After a few minutes of travelling, we finally reached one of Boom's labs. I still remember the little house we discovered out in the middle of nowhere, which had been on one of our bounty hunting missions to take Boom down. Now, I was going to his home willingly, as a friend.

The inside was nothing to scoff about. There was a giant monitor built into the wall, with several redstone computers installed below it. A small lab area contained all the components necessary to build enough explosives to level several cities. There was even a cookie making machine. A cookie making machine guys! Delicious!

"Help yourself," Boom told me, as he sat down at the computer, and so I did. I munched and munched away until my belly was so full, I could barely drag myself across the floor. But whilst I'd taken this time to put on a few pounds, Boom had been tapping away on his keyboard, never looking away from the screen. Every so often, I'd hear him say something like "interesting" or "groovy", before he returned to his work.

Finally, after many hours of work, he strolled over to me with a smile on his face.

"I think I've got something," he grinned, "come and take a look at this." Currently displayed on the screen were the server logs I'd seen Dinnerbone bring up. They looked exactly as they had before, with the same message in caps that brought a sense of dread to my heart.

DAN DANGER - ONE WEEK AGO - BROKE TWO BLOCKS IN AREA: PRISON CELLS - SOLITARY ZONE

"Yeah, we've already seen this," I sighed, "I don't need to be reminded that they all think I released Project End."

"But you didn't," Boom reminded me, "and the others about to learn that as well. Take a look at this."

With the push of a few keys, the server logs began to change and alter themselves. They disappeared off-screen for a few seconds, before reappearing. Everything was the same as before, but with one added twist...

UNKNOWN PLAYER - ONE WEEK AGO - BROKE TWO BLOCKS IN AREA: PRISON CELLS - SOLITARY ZONE

“Unknown player?” my eyes widened.

“Exactly,” Boom nodded, “the server logs can be modified. Every Admin and Developer knows this. These ones were very well faked, I can tell you that. But with a little redstone knowledge, I soon discovered the ugly truth. The logs were edited to make it seem like you committed the crime.”

“Then… that’s it, isn’t it?” I said, “With this, we can prove that we’re innocent, right?”

“It’s not that simple,” Boom shook his head, “something tells me that Dinnerbone wants us banned, whether we’re guilty or not. If we take this evidence back, he’ll claim we just edited the logs ourselves. No, we need to disprove all of his evidence before we can try to return.”

“Alright then,” I nodded, “what’s next on the list?”

“The video.”

Ah yes, the video. Boom had it playing on-screen now. I wasn’t going to ask him how he was getting all of these private files. Probably best not to know. But still, the video showed exactly what we’d seen before. A figure prowling in leather armor, carrying the exact same items as me. Including Herobrine’s Trident, a unique item which couldn’t be replicated. That was some pretty damaging evidence.

“This will take some more time to decipher,” Boom noted, “but I’ll do my best.”

And his best he did.

All through the night, whilst I watched in amazement, Boom worked away at this video. He examined every frame, watched it from every angle and even added some stupid black and white effects to it. Whilst I sat back and dipped cookies in my cup of coffee, he worked tirelessly to uncover the secrets of the video.

Then, just when I thought he was ready to give up, he yelled in enjoyment.

“AHA!” he cried out, “I’VE GOT IT!”

I raced over to his side, “What have you found?”

“Take a gander.”

The video played as normal. The figure walking down the hallway, before turning to face the camera. But there was something off about it this time. A little detail I was missing. Boom played it again and there, right there, as ‘I’ turned my head, I caught it.

A little flicker.

“That’s...” I began, but Boom interrupted.

“A disguise,” he nodded, “a lot of servers have this ‘mod’, as they call it. It allows certain players to disguise themselves as others. Of course, normally said player has to be at least an Admin or higher if they want to do that. Things may be different on the central server, but we can’t ignore the possibility that Dinnerbone may know more than he’s letting on...”

“So what do we do now?” I asked, “Is this not enough to go back?”

“It’s enough to disprove the crime of freeing Project End,” Boom nodded, and I jumped up in the air out of happiness, “but that doesn’t mean we can return just yet.”

My happiness jumping stopped.

“And why is that?” I questioned, “Surely this has to be enough?”

“We’ll be cleared of the crime of freeing Project End, there’s no denying it,” Boom agreed, “but there’s still the other crime you and I have been accused of. Stealing Notch’s Apple.”

Sigh. Notch’s Apple. An object which hadn’t even been there when we’d gone to retrieve it. And we were dubbed the thieves. That was going to take some real effort to disprove. After all, to disprove the crime we’d need to find the actual apple. And where the heck was that going to be?

“It won’t be easy,” said Boom, “but we’ll find it. And then, we’ll make the changes we talked about. We’ll make the world a better place. On that, you have my guarantee.”

But would we? There was still that inkling of doubt in my mind that Boom wasn’t being all that truthful with me. That he knew something that I didn’t. Heck, maybe he wasn’t responsible for releasing Project End, but what if he knew where Notch’s Apple was and just wasn’t telling me?

He said I could remove evil with the apple. Wouldn’t he be against that, no matter what he told me? Ugh, this whole thing was so darned confusing. Why did this even have to happen? Haven’t we had enough adventuring and danger for ten darned minutes?

“Come on, let’s get some sleep,” Boom decided, “we’ll work better tomorrow with clear heads.”

I agreed, taking one of the bunk beds in the back room. I placed my head on the pillow, and drifted off into a troubled sleep full of nightmares about what could happen to me if we failed to prove my innocence.

DAY 3

Oh what a beautiful day! The sun is shining, the birds are singing and-

Hang on a minute.

Every time I say that, something bad ends up happening. I looked left and right, waiting for the sky to explode or something. I checked each and every corner of the lab, but found nothing all that dangerous.

Phew, guess I was just being para-

KABOOM!

Oh darn it. Really?

“Sorry about that,” Boom gave me a sheepish grin and scratched his head, “I was just testing my latest explosives.”

“Right,” I sighed. Of course Boom would be testing his explosives. What else would that maniac do with his free time? You know, besides try and look for the one object that could clear our names and let us go back to our regular lives.

“So have you found anything?” I asked him.

“About Notch’s Apple?” to which I nodded. His happy face immediately dropped a few degrees sadder.

“I’m sorry Dan, but my research has turned up nothing. I’ve got no idea where the Apple is, and I wouldn’t have the slightest clue where to start looking for it.”

“So we’re stuck here?”

“For the time being. But look on the bright side!”

“What bright side?”

“I baked more cookies!”

... That was a pretty bright side. I decided to tuck in and eat, as Boom worked all through the day. He was a hard-worker, that was for certain. Whether it was on some new world-destroying bomb or on his latest book

“Tales of Boom - The Adventures of a Mad Scientist.”

“As much as I enjoy this, we can’t just sit around and eat cookies all day,” I remarked glumly, “we have to get out and do something about our little problem.”

“What do you think I’m doing?” Boom asked, “I’ve been making enough TNT to destroy every server ten times over. Not that I’m going to do that. Just a little warning to our developer friend.”

“I don’t think that’s the correct way to do things,” I sighed, “don’t you have another idea?”

“Aren’t you the ideas guy?”

“Yeah, well the ideas guy is all out of ideas... and cookies, for that matter.”

Boom took that as a message to go and bake some more, whilst I racked my poor little brain for... something. Anything that could help me out in my current situation. Just what was I suppose to do here? How in the world could I hope to clear my name of a crime I didn’t even commit?

Thankfully, the answer came in the form of a message from my good friend Charles.

“YOU’RE AN IDIOT, YOU KNOW THAT?” he screamed in my ear after I picked up the messaging device.

“NOW I WISH I’D PUNCHED YOU INTO THE OCEAN HARDER,” I screamed back.

This arguing went on for several minutes.

“AND I WISH YOU WOULDN’T WAIT SIX WEEKS TO CLEAN THE DISHES!” Charles yelled.

“OH I’VE MISSED YOU!” I cried.

“ME TOO!” he replied.

What followed was several minutes of crying. I noticed Boom step in the room at one point, before he quickly ran off into another room, possibly to bake more cookies.

“Listen Dan, I need your help.”

“What a surprise. Everyone does these days.”

“I’m serious. Things have gotten really bad since you left.”

“Huh, what do you mean?”

“Dinnerbone’s gone insane. He thinks that you took Notch’s Apple, even though that doesn’t make any sense.”

“You seemed to believe him before.”

“That was a mistake, I know that now. At any rate, he’s threatening to burn down our server.”

“WHAT!?”

Great, we were essentially back at the beginning of this stupid story. The reason I’d even come to the central server in the first place was to stop Dinnerbone from taking down our server. And now he was going to do it anyway? Jeez, what a waste of my life.

“Ugh, and you want me to do what?” I asked him.

“I don’t know? Maybe help us stop him!”

“You can’t handle it yourself?”

“He’s too powerful! He increased his strength with developer hacks or something. I don’t know. We could just really use some help here.”

“I don’t know. You did kinda hurt me quite a bit back there.”

“Ugh, fine. I’ll do all the dishes for the next week.”

“For the rest of your life.”

“ARE YOU SERIOUS!?”

“Fine, it seems like you can handle this little situation. I’ll just be over here, doing something el-“

“ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! YOU WIN! I’LL DO ALL THE DISHES FROM NOW ON, JUST HELP US OUT!”

“Wonderful,” I beamed, “how do we get to you?”

“We’re in Blockopolis. Dinnerbone is here too. I figure that if we all ambush him at once, we might stand a chance at defeating him.”

“Agreed. I’ll see you there.”

“Alright. And Dan?”

“Yes Charles?”

“Good to have you back.”

I don’t know why, but that little comment put a smile on my face.

“Good to be back bud.”

The call ended, leaving me alone once again.

“Who was that?” Boom asked, having finally returned.

“Charles,” I told him, and began explaining what had just happened. Boom’s expression went from cheerful to furious.

“I knew we couldn’t trust the Developers,” he said, “I bet you he set the two of us up. He probably grabbed Notch’s Apple and hid it somewhere.”

“If he does have it, then how do we beat him?” I asked.

“No clue,” Boom shrugged, “we’ll just have to hope he doesn’t. In the meantime, we need to work on a plan to defeat him. We got lucky last time, and now that I’ve split my powers with you, Dinnerbone is stronger.”

“We beat Project End,” I reminded him.

“Project End was a program. Dinnerbone is an actual human being, who thinks like a human. He’ll be a much tougher challenge to contend with.”

“We can still beat him. There has to be some way we can do it.”

Boom remained silent, lost in the thoughts of his massive brain. Well, I doubt his brain is as big as mine. That’s scientifically impossible. Still, I suppose he’s a pretty smart guy. It just takes him a little longer than I would to think of things.

“I have an idea,” Boom finally spoke up, “but you might not like it.”

I listened, as the scientist explained his master plan.

DAY 4

Blockopolis. The place hadn't changed much.

You know, aside from the posters of Dinnerbone, the statues of Dinnerbone and yes, even the restaurants of Dinnerbone. This guy had a fast-food chain now. He was becoming more evil and corrupt by the second. He had to be stopped.

Good thing we were here. The great and mighty Dan Danger, who lived for all things dangerous. Savior of Minecraft many times over, master of the sword and Herobrine's Trident and of course, voted Minecraft's most handsome man.

Oh yeah, there was also Boom. The guy with the fireworks. The deadly fireworks. Hehehe.

We waited around the town square for a few minutes, watching the civilians go by. They looked terrified, all whispering something about how they'd probably left the stove on at home, or how Dinnerbone was going to destroy everyone. I honestly wasn't sure which one they were more worried about.

"They're late," Boom noted, checking the clock. And indeed, our allies were. Were they okay? Had Dinnerbone caught onto them? Perhaps he was currently tickling them for information. Maybe even with a feather. Oh goodness! What if they were in trouble? What if...

"Nice to see you guys."

Oh great. They were alive and well. And I was going to make a huge, dramatic speech about everything. Sigh.

Charles and Greg had seen better days. They looked a little roughed up, like they'd just been in some fight.

"We would have been here sooner, but Dinnerbone wasn't willing to let us leave," Charles explained.

"Not until I hit him over the head with a frying pan he wasn't," Greg chuckled.

"What's Dinnerbone planning?" Boom asked.

"Total server destruction. He sees this whole place as a threat, and he's not going to stop until it's been wiped off the server map."

As I listened to Greg speak, I noticed something. The crowds which had filled the streets moments ago were vanishing. Disappearing back into their houses. Kind of like those western films, where everyone hides before the cowboy and the outlaw have their big showdown.

"That's not good," Boom shook his head, but there was more.

"That's not all," said Charles, "he's not going to stop with this one server. He's going to destroy each and every server until he finds Notch's Apple. He's obsessed with this item."

"Then we have to stop him here," I decided, "Greg, can you get us some Admin support?"

"The Admins aren't coming."

"What?"

"Dinnerbone stripped us of our powers. We're no more powerful than regular players now."

Jeez, this wasn't good. We had a super powerful Developer who was

Nether-bent on destroying the server, and we weren't going to be getting

any powerful support.

"That means we're without our Admin powers as well Dan," Charles

informed me, "we're utterly powerless."

“...Not exactly.”

“Huh?”

I glanced at Boom, who, albeit reluctantly, removed Herobrine’s Apple from his backpack.

“Herobrine’s Apple,” he told Charles and Greg, “essentially the opposite to Notch’s Apple. It gave me my powers, which I shared with Dan. Which we’ll share with you.”

“But won’t that make you weaker?” asked Greg.

“Yes,” I nodded, “but it’s worth it. Four players attacking Dinnerbone with powerful abilities is a lot better than one player on his level attacking him. At least this way, we can work together to take him down.”

“It worked with Project End,” Boom added, “and we’ve also set up a few surprises for when Dinnerbone gets here.”

Surprises... I thought back to the plan Boom had told me last night. Was that something I really wanted to go through with? Was it the only solution we had? Surely there had to be another option?

But then again, how else would we defeat the Developer?

“We’ve set up explosives around the square,” explained Boom, “we’ll use them to distract and weaken Dinnerbone, then throw everything we have at him. With any luck, we’ll weaken him to the point where we can easily defeat him.”

“Or get our butts kicked,” Charles noted the other possibility, “but I like it. I say we go for it.”

“Agreed,” said Greg, “and this Herobrine’s Apple can give us new powers?”

“Try them out for yourself,” I told him, placing my hand on his. Boom did the same to Charles.

A second later, we felt a great deal of our strength leave our bodies. Charles and Greg on the other hand looked a heck of a lot stronger.

“Nice,” Charles grinned, “this is even more power than we had as Admins.”

“Indeed it is,” Greg nodded, “now we can actually do something to help. But how are we going to get Dinnerbone over here?”

“I’m on it!” I declared, removing the Flint N Steel from my pocket and setting some redstone wire alight.

A few seconds later, and the various statues, posters and restaurants belonging to Dinnerbone went up in smoke. Vaporized in a single instant.

“That’s bound to get his attention,” I chuckled, and sure enough, it did.

“JUST WHAT IN THE HECK ARE YOU DOING!?” he demanded, descending from the skies. I noticed he had a large bump on his head.

“Head Developer Dinnerbone,” I struck a cool pose and pointed my sword at him, “for threatening to destroy the server, you are hereby sentenced to a butt-kicking. Do you have any last words?”

“... You’re joking, right?”

“Nope. ATTACK!”

And so, the battle for the future of Minecraft be- You know what, pretty much every battle I fight nowadays is a battle for the future of Minecraft. If it isn’t a mad scientist trying to blow up the world, it’s a kraken. If it isn’t a kraken, it’s a program designed to ban every player in existence. And if it isn’t a program designed to ban every player in existence, it’s the guy who helped make the world.

So let’s just call it another regular battle.

“LIGHTNING SWORD!” I declared, pointing my blade at Dinnerbone.

“MISSILE LAUNCHER!” fired Boom.

“BRILLIANT LIGHTS!” shouted Charles.

“HAMMER OF JUSTICE!” bellowed Greg.

You’d think that a blast of lightning, a dozen or so missiles, a few light orbs and a giant hammer would be enough to take an opponent down. Guess again.

“Is that all you have?” Dinnerbone asked, as the smoke began to clear.

There wasn’t a scratch on his body.

“Impossible,” said Charles, “we hit him with every attack.”

“The fact is gentlemen, that I’m a lot stronger than you are,” Dinnerbone

chuckled, “you see, whilst you were off forming your little team, I went and found the one object that would garaunte me a victory.”

Of course we knew what it was before he even pulled it out of his pocket. What else was it going to be, other than Notch’s Apple?

“So he did frame us,” said Boom.

“Sorry about attacking you earlier,” Greg muttered sheepishly. Not that it mattered now. We were doomed either way.

“Do you understand now? You don’t have a chance. None of you do. From the very start, you were nothing more than insects against a mighty dragon. Now, allow me to prove it to you. I’m going to destroy you, then I’m going to destroy this entire server! And there’s not a thing you can do to stop me.”

Well, actually.

“There is one thing,” I coughed under my breath.

“And what’s that?” asked Dinnerbone.

“I mean sure, you might have Notch’s Apple and a whole bunch of powers, but there’s one thing we have that you don’t.”

“Friendship? Please, that stuff is useless.”

“Oh totally,” I nodded.

“HEY!” said Charles, Greg and Boom at the same time. Sorry guys.

“No, I’m talking about something else. Something much bigger and deadlier. Something... fishy.”

Dinnerbone gave me a look like he’d misheard me. Like he didn’t understand what I’d just said. It only then occurred to him that he had heard me correctly, and that he was in for a world of pain.

Grinning, I pulled Herobrine’s Trident off of my back and pointed it into the sky.

“COME FORTH KRAKEN!”

“Oh you’ve got to be-“

SPLASH!

The Kraken burst forth from my swimming pool several thousand blocks away, flew through the air and somehow, managed to make to Blockopolis, whereupon he crushed Dinnerbone. The fifty-thousand block fish then crashed down onto the streets below.

“NOW BOOM!”

KABOOM! The entire street was bathed in the glorious glow of explosives, as Boom set off every single block of TNT he had hidden in the concrete below. This chain of explosives actually knocked the Kraken back into the air and back towards my swimming pool. Phew. And I was worried we were going to have to clean everything up.

But was this the end? Had we done enough to defeat Dinnerbone?

We were about to find out.

NEXT TIME:

SHOWDOWN!

It’s the battle of the century. Dan, Charles, Greg and Boom, facing off against one of the creators of Minecraft!

Oh my gosh, this next book is so awesome, we can’t even spoil it here. Like, dudes, do you have any idea how much fighting we managed to squeeze into this one? There’s like an explosion every minute!

Seriously, the biggest battle in Minecraft history. You do NOT want to miss this!

Make sure you pick up your copy of ‘Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 11’, which continues the fourth amazing trilogy!